Raised by Antlers and Blood

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Raised by Antlers and Blood

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Summary

Will was abandoned in the middle of the forest all alone, hungry, cold, and lost. Then he meets the dark spirit of the forest and teaches him how to become like him, and to eat like him, in any means necessary to survive.

Notes

Hope you all enjoy this.

Ch 1

He wasn't sure how he got here or why he got here. The young boy at the age of eleven remembered the last time that was last night he was safely ensconced in his room in his bed the child heard his father and mother arguing again only this time it was more fierce in the volume he then heard the voice of his mother shouting threats that she was going to take Will away and both will leave the next day, but his father denied that to happen and the screaming matches started up once again. Will cried burying his face in the pillow and humming to himself to fall asleep he managed to meet sleep at last. While sleeping ignoring the sounds of screaming then was completely silent. Then there were sounds of the door opening and closing, then after half an hour the door slammed open and his father came into his room.

“Will? Will? Wake up, Will. Come with me, boy”, his father said rocking Will awake and having him make a whining whimper running his eyes. “Daddy? Where's Mommy?” He asked. Will's father was sweating with clothes of dirt as if he was digging, he turned his head to the window and back to his son, but he didn't answer the question just rammed his hand into his child's mouth and nose having Will make a startled squeak then the young was unconscious.

Will remembered feeling a strap on him and he felt as if he was riding in something a blurry vision he saw his father in the front driving in a sign of panic and Will could see a glimpse of trees gliding by then he was once again out cold. He was being carried away seeing the car fading away, seeing his father carrying him into the deep dark woods with a shotgun in his hand. Then the young boy was placed on the forest ground yawning innocently and rubbing his eyes seeing his father standing with the gun at the ready. “Daddy?” He asked with a sleepy but innocent smile. His father stared at him with a sad face with shows of guilt, then he lowered the gun, kneeled to his child hugged him tightly, and kissed him on the forehead. “Will, I never meant this to happen, but it did. I love you, son”, his father whispered with a sniffle. Then he let his child go and ran back to the car to Will's confusion his father drove away from him while Will stared at the car lights disappear. The next morning he awoke and looked around the area of nothing but trees and grass but no sign of his mommy or his daddy. Will then roams around the great forest to find his way home. But he hasn't found his way home yet, and never will.

Will was cold, tired, and desperately hungry. He wanted to go home and wanted his mommy and daddy, he then wondered if he did or said something wrong and his daddy brought him here for a timeout. He didn't remember doing or saying anything wrong, he had always been

obedient. Not once did he do anything wrong or say anything wrong to anyone. He has been a well-behaved young child led bullies to bully him for it.

His feet were dreadfully scarred from walking barefooted on the rough earth ground nearly and surely getting blisters and his stomach was growling aches in hunger, and his pajamas were not keeping him warm. He wasn't sure where he was going or how to get there. He then felt as if he was being watched by something. That was in the shadows amid the forest trees and in the shadows Will heard the sound of a ghostly slithering hiss and a growl that was raspily slow and menacing and gave Will chills to the bone and he started running away from the invisible being that was slowly following him with its footsteps that made Will's heart hammer in fear and desperation to escape. He ran and ran feeling the branches of the trees and whack slaps of the fern leaves scrape his pajamas and skin and the sounds continued to follow the young boy he took shelter in a hole log with deep feared pants trying to hide he got into a curled position with body shakes as he heard the footsteps slowly circling the log, circling him with growls ringing in his ears then the sounds of the footsteps depart, but he stayed in the log and soon began to cry for his mommy and daddy for anyone to come and save him.

Night had fallen, and his stomach was churning for food, his body achingly shivering for warmth, and his heart was shattering in betrayal and great confusion. What did he do to deserve this to happen to him? Why was this happening to him? What did he do? Why is he out here? Why did his father who he loved do this to him? Will he ever get back home? He might not get back home.

Will skinny to the bones, he awakened and slowly crawled out of his hiding place seeing no sign of danger except a rabbit who hopped away from the eleventh boy, he got out of the log and Will left the log searching for anything he could get to eat.

The beast continued to watch the boy whilst hiding in the shadows with red eyes glazing at the young boy who was nearly skinny to the bones and left the log behind looking desperately to find something. He could devour the tiny human. His stomach was growling to eat the small morsel, he is known as the spirit of the forest of his mountain home, and he had many of these humans invade his home for centuries and they all fell to him to be devoured. Over the years and centuries, he was feared. He was also loved and worshipped by native Americans who looked up to him as a spirit, ruler, and god of the forest.

When his loyal Indian worshipers were all killed by the American colonizers his heart went into a killing murderous rage and fury having their blood dry on his teeth, he made them all pay, suffer, scream, and bleed hearing them beg for their lives but he slaughtered every single one of them leaving a trace of them not even their bones.

To this day he has been killing many other humans who dared trespass on his mountain homeland. Many bikers, hikers, and hunters, all fell to his wrath. Ripping them all to bits with blood splattering on his bony snout as he ripped their limbs from their fragile bodies with his eyes completely glowing red and dilated in feral maniacal fury. Now this human is in his homeland, and he will have him in his jaws. This tiny human is already tasty. The beast licked his bony lips with the hiss of a snake and dove back into the shadows only showing his red glistening eyes glow in the shadows and then disappear.

Will was grasping his empty stomach with miserable whines and moans searching around the forest area with no food, no direction, no sign, no way home. No help. Or a friend. Will kept wondering aimlessly for any of those things, he didn't care which one would show, he just wanted a friend out here. He then heard sounds of rustling nearby...coming from behind him.

With growls.

Will stood stiff as a statue, with trembles and quivering lips but he smiled a tiny smile and waved a slow gentle wave. “Hello. I'm...Will”, he said in a tiny shaken voice, but the response he got was a growl. Will stood still stiffly silent with his heart pumping at a fast rate. Then the maker of the growls came out of the bushes and Will gasped at the sight of the black bear that was standing on its two feet the eleven-year-old boy landed on his bottom scooting away while seeing the bear roaring at him ready to attack.

The frightened child panicked trying to stand but he tripped again with his staggered feet and tripped by a stick he screamed a high-pitched scream in pain feeling the bear's fangs pressing into the skin of his ankle. Will shouted in horror and pain feeling the bull animal dragging as Will desperately struggled to grab hold of something while scraping his fingernails into the earth's dirt and feeling the bear continue to pull him and press its fang in his ankle enough for Will to lose his foot. Then the bear stopped dragging the child and looked up at the sight that was staring before it. The fur animal roared standing on its two legs waving its claw paws wildly in a challenge ignoring its human meal as the boy curled into a fetal position holding his wounded ankle.

The bear roared again at the unknown enemy and challengingly landed on fours roaring then the unknown creature made a loud screeching roar that burned ringing in Will's ears as he covered them making his whining screams mute by the screech of the creature's roar that even the bear's thundering roar was mute as well.

Then the creature attacked with the speed of a bullet and the creature jabbed its jagged fang teeth into the bear's throat the bear was roaring in pain and clawed its claws at the creature but the creature released its jagged teeth and rammed tighter into the bear's throat making the bear screech painfully feeling its blood seeping out of its flesh than with a swipe of the creature's neck the bear's throat was soon ripped out making a frightening sight to the eleven-year-old wounded child.

While crying he held his wounded foot in his hands feeling the blood oozing through his fingers as he stroked his ankle with his thumbs trying to make the blood and wound go away as he whined miserably in pain Will looked up at his savior and gasped at the most horrifying sight then he staggered scooting away with more tears flooding.

The creature who saved him was no mere animal he had ever seen.

It had the antlers of an elk that stood proudly tall on its head and they held tiny parts of skeletons and what appeared to be ancient charms of Indians with a few strands of feathers tied on both antlers, rib bones curved around the chest making an extra rib cage like an armor, furs like the fur of a wolf that was complete with the color black, hooves with legs of a horse for the front legs and paws with legs of a big cat for the position for the back, long hair mane of a stallion as few of the hair covered its face that was a skull of a wolf with empty black sockets with red eyes glowing straight at the frightened wounded child.

Will had never seen a creature like this before, he wasn't sure if he was seeing a beautiful creature, a savior, or the monster that was in his closet. He desperately wants to go home. The creature growled at the boy with fresh blood on its skull teeth and snout nose as it licked its fanged tongue with eyes marked on the helpless child ready to attack and kill this trespasser who dared enter his forest lands.

“You are smaller than I thought when I encountered you, but no matter. You are going to be mouthwatering when I rip you limb from limb, it was a pleasant thing I managed to stop the

beast from taking my meal", the creature purred with a hissy growl with eyes glowing red.

Will whimpered again holding his hand on the wounded ankle and scooting away helplessly and the creature made a chuckle that was full of sinisterness just watching the poor child suffer and in pained fear. "Just like the rest of your kind who invaded my homeland. You would cower in fear of the sight that stands before you and beg for your foolish predictable lives thinking you can be spared. Such damn ugly creatures you mortals are", it hissed again and opened its jaws wide and ready to attack and strike down the child.

Will cried even louder, and he lowered himself into submission begging. "Please. Please. Please. Please. Please. Mommy. Daddy. Help me. Please. Someone, Daddy. Mommy, please help me" The creature stopped its slow attack and stared at the pitiful human and slowly lowered its wolf nose to the boy and sniffed gently seeing the human boy flinch with a whimper as Will felt the hard bone touching his body then he stilled himself feeling something wet and warm stroking his bloody ankle wound.

The shock of everything that has happened is intense, the hunger is excruciating, and the shock of everything that has happened is too much for an eleven-year-old child

The creature moaned stroking his tongue softly on the boy's wounded foot tasting the rich salty taste of blood then back at the human boy seeing him so tiny. It had never indeed seen a human this tiny before. It was small and fragile like his...sister was before she was killed.

The creature got close to the young child and sniffed it then he noticed the child was breathing from rapidly to calmly seeing the eyes of the child closed.

It wasn't sure what to do to the boy. He looked so innocent, alone, and lost just like it.

It sets the child on the ground of the cave and looks at its unconscious face then stares at the wound and starts licking the wound again only tenderly then sees the dirt all over the boy's ripped pajamas and on the face that was covered in a few scratches then he licked more of the unconscious child's wounds.

Will awakened feeling dry with body aching, the eleven-year-old heard sounds of purring growls and turned his face then turned away to stop a gasping scream from coming out pressing his hand on his mouth and only making a feared squeal. Will tries to scoot away from the slumbering beast then is pulled back to the creature with its arm tucked around him the young boy sees the sight of not one but four wolves sleeping on the rocks while some pressed to each other.

Will whimpered with eyes urgently moving for the exit to escape but the exit was nowhere in sight only showing a path to darkness. The boy then tried again to scoot over the creature rammed him closer, but the child whined whimpering as he tried again to scoot away and the creature's grip was loose finally Will rolled around quietly until he was free and nearly rolled on one of the sleeping wolves he fought a scream seeing face to face of the wolf then stood up quick and panting rapidly in fear and desperation he flees but he tripped by his wounded foot that was covered in dried saliva and while fighting to let out a painful scream, the child crawled out of the cave then hid behind a stalagmite then he quickly crawled away then ducked behind another.

Then finding a bone of a limb of some sort thinking it is a stick Will grabs it and stands on his feet trying to be careful with the injured ankle foot then takes off as quickly as he can trying to find the way out. After hours of walking, he finally smiled at the opening ahead. He finally found the exit seeing the dark open sky and stars with the moon. The child takes off while holding his bone-stick cane he enters the outside of the forest and turns back to the cave then he tries to take off running.

Then a wolf comes out of nowhere from behind him landing right in front of him savagely growling. Will screamed a high-pitched scream and then tried to go the other direction but two more of the wolves attacked another dove right on the other side of Will's escape opening then a sound of a slowly menacing snarl came from behind the wolves with eyes glistened off the blood with its horse hair mane covering few of its face with eyes staring at the boy who was already crying.

It walked slowly on two having the beast stand half a size tall than the bear, as it had its wolfpack back up from its alpha letting it take its first bite of the human prey Will lowered himself onto the ground rocking himself in fear crying and having his face buried in his knees as the creature slowly leaned walking on fours circled him with eyes on the child and drool slowly falling from its bones maw. “Please, don't hurt me. Please, don't eat me. Please. Pretty please don't eat me”

The creature stood standing at the crying begging child.

It titled its head at wonder. “What is a tiny human like you doing in my forest, human?” it questioned.

The eleven-year-old child stared at the animal hearing its voice again entering his ears and rubbed his tears and sniffed. “I don't know what I am doing out here. My daddy brought me here and then left me. All alone. I don't know why he did it,...I just want to go home. Please don't hurt me. I'm just trying to find my way back home”, he answered with whines and crying sniffles.

The creature stared at the sobbing child and he lowered itself to the ground making the crying boy stare at the wolf's skull and see the bloody eyes on the child.

“It appears your humankind has abandoned you if those are the best choice of words, little one”, the creature said calmly and Will stared at the bone-faced creature in denial.

“No. Not my mo-m-mommy and dadd-d-dy. They love me. They wouldn't...do that to...to...me. They couldn't...they wouldn't do that to me. They love me...they love me”, Will said denying what he knew was possibly true, he started crying harder making sniffles with the pain of his ankle, and his heart that was breaking.

If only he had awakened and ventured downstairs seeing the sight before him of his father and mother...maybe...who knows what would've happened.

Ch 2

Humans are such ridiculous and bizarre creatures in the creature's eyes. Seeing and feeling the thought of this one's blood abandoned their own in such a manner, but then he remembered how the ancient natives sacrificed their own to it, for worship rituals and hunger. It just stared at the crying wounded exhausted child.

“No. They love me. They wouldn't do that to me”, Will kept crying. He felt he was truly alone with no one to take care of him. To love him. The young boy felt like he was betrayed by those whom he thought loved him and he loved them back but now he felt hate.

“I've been waiting and searching for them, but I kept thinking, believing, that they would come for me. M-my dad-dy brought me here and he le-l-eft me here all alone. I-I-m all alone. I...h-av-have nowhere to-to go. No one to take care...of me...or love me”, Will said pitifully with greater loneliness and such betrayal that turned to hatred towards his parents. The poor aged eleventh child never thought his parents would do this...to him.

The creature just looked at him crying so great sadness and looking lost, the child slumped his head looking at the ground feeling and seeing tears raining on the forest grass as the child cried harder with his body quivering as the wolves and the monster alpha stared and stood silent than before the wolves or the beast could do anything the young boy collapsed on the ground breathing heavily with sweat protruding from his forehead and body.

The creature and the wolf pack just stared at the unconscious tiny human and one wolf deliberately made a charge at the child with fangs wide and open then the creature protectively stood with a paw around the child and roared its screech and the wolf jumped away from its alpha, then backed away with head down with ears showing submission, as the rest of the wolves stepped back away from their leader alpha and the unconscious prey.

There are rules for being part of the pack. The alpha rules the pack, always having the best parts of the prey the pack catches. The omega remains submitted and obedient to the leader having the not-so-good parts of prey, if they dare challenge their alpha leader they will be killed or banished from the pack.

The wolves sat showing no challenge to stand up against their alpha leader. Once the wolves were away the creature stopped its growls looked down at the sleeping creature and sniffed him smelling scents of ferns, dirt, and blood. The creature then sees dried blood and bruises around him, then sees the blood on his ankle seeing is slightly bleeding but showing a slight case of infection. The creature just stared its red eyes at the child. It could eat him. Now. It's human just like those who came here and wiped out its native worshipers, and it made them all pay. It's human and to its eyes, it must die.

But the creature just stared at the outcold human. Then takes him carefully in its bony jaws and walked off having the wolves follow their leader.

Will felt a hard sensation crash on him feeling something bubbling around him the child weakly opened his eyes and breathed in then dilated his eyes and lifted himself to breathe cleanly. Will soaking wet he coughed choking on the water with heavy breaths and still coughing roughly with a wheeze inhaling air in his lungs and coughing out the water. The eleven-year-old stared around his surroundings and saw half his body was submerged in the small river and stared behind him and gasped stepping away from the beast who was resting on a mountain rock looking like a king with the wolfpack staring at the soggy child with cheerful pants.

“You smell with the scent of a skunk, the water might heal your injuries, fever for thirst, and your stench. So soak yourself up. I suspect you to be smelling fresh and clean when you come out and once you do I would like you to do something with that ankle of yours”, the creature instructed the boy to do without hesitation the child gulped deep big gulps of fresh water tasting the fresh clean moisture and Will takes off his shredded sleep clothes placed them on the tiny rock and starts stroking the water on his dirty wounded skin. At first, he hated taking baths, but right now he likes it.

The creature continued staring at the human boy seeing the bruises and wounds that he was soaking cleaning wondering how such a tiny little human so small and looking helpless was doing here in the deep forest mountains then the beast noticed something else. The child human didn't have any weapons that spit out metal rocks of fire and made sounds of thunder in the aftermath.

The creature stared at the bathing human boy seeing it as if he was enjoying the river bath. Then the soaking human child ended his bath and looked up at the creature that was just staring at him showing no danger just confusion, Will ignored the eyes that were staring at him and headed back to his sleep outfits, sat on the rock, and looked at his ankle. Will then ripped out a cloth from his night pants soaked it and gently wrapped it around his wounded ankle squealing through clenched lips with small moans he finally tied up his bandage around his injury making a relieved sigh and smile, then he put his night clothes back on.

Then he was shyly silent with head down he walked to the creature and the wolves and sat underneath a tree still feeling wolf eyes and the eyes of the beast glaring at him then he heard footsteps coming to him and Will clenched his legs to his chest with the head still lowered and the creature standing on fours he lowered itself to the ground lying on its abdomen just red eyes glowing staring at the quiet sobbing child with the wolves who jumped down from the rock and sat glaring at the child. “Why rain tears, little human?” Will heard the soft rasping voice of the creature and sniffed wiping his arm beneath his nose.

“I have nowhere to go. No one to take care of me. I have nowhere to get home, but I don't want to go back now. They don't want me anywhere, I don't know why, but they don't love me anymore. I have nowhere to go, or anyone to take care of me”, he whimpered close to blubbering in tears.

The human was looking at such a betrayal of his kind. The creature stared at the crying human child and slowly scooted its head to the child seeing the human boy lift his head seeing the blazing red eyes and crying again with his head down waiting to be eaten by the creature. He is now unloved and unwanted and lost.

The creature looked at the sobbing child and purred deeply while gently placing the tip of its maw on the boy's covered face making a gentle snort. “There. There, little one, there is no need to shed tears. All be well soon. They have every right to abandon you out here to me and my forest kingdom. Those humans whom you used to reside with were all weak and unfortunate creatures and you were a weakling creature like them but they spared you, and brought you here for a reason to be spared from such a forlorn fate. You are brought here to your new life, little one”, the creature explained with a tone of tenderness.

The boy looked up at the bone-wolf face rubbed the tears from his eyes and made a shaken frown. “You think so?” He asked with a hiccup.

The creature nodded with a soothing purr. “But of course, little one. Those humans who you once lived with were all weak and you possibly have the will to will and survive without them, little one”

Will stared at the creature with a hopeful smile then turned to a frown. “Now...I have no one to love me, take care of me, and make me feel safe”, the child said with sadness. The creature then purred deeply and licked a small tip of the tongue on the child's tiny face and the boy gasped then it licked him again and the child made a tiny chuckle. “Never fear that fate to happen, young one, you are safe here...with me”, it said and the young boy looked up at the creature with a hopeful gasp with a small smile.

“You have nowhere to go or to turn to...but to me now”

Will said no other word without thinking he hugged the wolfish skull face of the creature softly crying happily that he was not alone anymore.

The creature dilates his red eyes at the sudden movement attack staring at the child not sure what to do. It never had a human do this to him not even his tribe worshipers. The native Americans would dance around the bonfire with face paint all over their nude bodies, with animal fur on their backs with claws as gloves for hands, and heads dressed in animal heads, especially wolf heads and elk deer antlers worshiping the creature's power and spirit chanting its name.

The Aachen. The Chenoo. The Kewok. The cannibal beast of the forest. The Wendigo.

The cannibal monster continued staring at the boy who was still hugging it and made a calm amusing snort breathing a blast of air on the young human having Will make a gasping squeak from the blast of air. “Be warned, young one, I am a monster demon of this land. I am not what you expect me to be of some such”, the Wendigo snarled and Will whimpered with head down. “I'm...sorry”, he apologized. The creature stared at the creature seeing the innocent frown, then walked away walking on fours and its pack following their cannibal alpha, leaving Will behind. Will stares at the creature, not sure if he is allowed to follow or not, he then dives his head to his knees making sniffles and tears fall. He feels another snort

blast on his head making his hair billow he stares up at the Wendigo then the beast bows itself to the boy.

Will stared at the magnificent creature as it stared at him. “Are you going to come along or do you wish me to leave you?” the cannibalistic beast asked with an impatient tone but it was soft and pleasant enough to make Will's lonely broken heart heal. The young boy smiled and hugged the creature again and hopped on its back holding onto the creature's mane then squeaked at the lift of the beast and while being carried away Will smiled as he saw the wolfpack following behind him and his carriage.

The boy was so excited to finally have a friend, he subconsciously hugged the Wendigo feeling the hairy stallion's hair that was soft and comforting he buried his face in it and then looked at the wolfish skull. “I am Will, mister. What's your name?” He politely asked.

The beast didn't say anything until it told the child its name.

“Hannibal,...Will”, the creature replied stoically calm but in a warm tone.

Will and the Wendigo...Hannibal and the wolves were resting in the cave and Will was sitting next to Hannibal and saw one of the wolves just staring at the young child. He smiled at them and gently held a hand out for them to approach. They reminded him so much of his dog Max who had been his only best friend and proved loyal to the end. When Will was ten in a half he and the young boy and puppy were playing ball, but the ball rolled away into the street Will ran to retrieve it not paying attention to the passing truck. Such a tragic day, such a tragic loss, and such a loyal and heroic dog Max was to the very end. How the young boy misses him to this day.

One of the wolves stared at the young human and slowly stalked its way to him with hand slightly shaking hand but with a gentle smile. The canine smelled the hand and stared at the young boy's eyes with a trembling hand Will slowly lowered it to the wolf's wet nose making a small tender scratch and the wolf started panting with satisfied jovial and ears down as it licked its tongue on Will's hand making the child giggle.

Then another wolf interested in a scratch and walked to the human and the boy stroked it then another, and the final one joined in the gentle strokes then one of the canines of the forest rammed its tongue on the boy making a giggle in such joy, and tickled sensation.

Hannibal stared at the sight of nothing but innocence and virtuous sight and was astounded at the sight of the savage wolves that like their alpha killed humans with no hesitation but never Hannibal's wolf pack have been so gentle towards a human before.

Like they see one of their own.

“How fascinatingly improbable. My pets have never been so...lenient before. Not even to a...human such as yourself, little one”, Hannibal stated in such a surprising reaction to its pack being tenderly gentle to a human. Will giggled at the tickling lick of one of the wolves and rubbed its fur with a smile.

“They remind me of my doggie I lost...I miss him. He saved my life, I'll never forget him”, Will stared at the four wolves patting and stroking them.

“Such a loyal specimen the animal was to you. More than the humans you once knew”, Hannibal said. Will lowers his face down and makes a quiet angry face. “I hate them. They don't love me anymore. I don't know what I did to them to make them do this to me. I guess I wasn't the best kid for them that they wanted even though I tried to be”, he wiped a tear adding a sniffle and a wolf licked his cheek.

“What do you mean?” Hannibal purred.

Will hugged his legs and his lips shook as his eyes started to fill. “When...I was in school, people used to make fun of me. I had a...bu..bully who would....pick on...me a lot, and I hated it but I never said anything to my parents...to anyone, he told me if I did he would kill me. Then one day he said something that...made...me mad...and I...followed....him....and I beat him up...with a baseball bat....and he went into....sleeping than the next...day...He died”, Will sobbed. “I didn't mean...to...He just made me so angry and I...killed...him”, Will then blasted out in tears trying to stop his shaking tears remembering how a little boy at such a young age killed a boy who was the same age as him.

Remembering how the baseball bat was in his hands, and every swipe and blow on his bully, hearing and seeing him yelling, crying, begging, and suffering until he was knocked out cold, out in a coma then died the next day. His parents managed to drop the charges while the victim's parents in grief went to divorce and left town as for the other students and teachers they were all afraid of Will.

“The human drove you to make the right choice, Will”, Hannibal said as it crawled to the crying child and licked the tip of its tongue on his cheek wiping the tears. “What do you mean?” the child asked wiping his nose. “He was weak, Will. They are all weak and they tried to force that weakness inside you and out, and you showed your true potential, little one. That is why your kind brought you here...to me”, Hannibal pressed its bony nose to the child's face allowing the human to hug it whilst having its red eyes on him.

Will makes a happy shy hopeful smile at his savior, “You think so...Hannibal?” saying the Wendigo's name made his heart warm as remembering the creature's name. The Wendigo purred a deep purr. “Of course, little one. You are like me. Alone in this world, lost, forgotten. But now I am here and I will protect you from those humans who dare try to invade and take you from me, Will”, Hannibal said. Will smiled at the beast gently rubbing his tiny hands on the hard bone skin and stroking the beast's hard skin then played with the few strands of mane.

“Thank you,...Hannibal, you are my best friend”, Will said happily.

The Wendigo dilated its eyes at the word. *Friend.*

The forest is always silent in the day, mostly at night in the silent dark sky as the stars are shown as the moon. The pack and the boy were all resting around each other and their alpha just stared at the boy who was adorably sleeping with his body and face pressed close to Hannibal pressing his fist in a tight grip on his warm fur not wishing to let go.

Friend? Friend? Friend.

Hannibal could still feel the tiny arms around his snout and the fingers stroking their way through its mane hair and hearing the word...friend. Remembering Will's words and his eyes.

They showed trustworthiness and gratitude in them to the creature. Hannibal then thought of how fragile Will was when he first saw him and tried to eat him before the boy hid in the log. Hannibal could have just eaten him, and the beast could have done it right now but its instincts refused to harm the young child.

The beast of the forest felt the instinct to guard the child as it did for Mischa before its dear sister was killed by the wrath of the humans who wore the metal steel as their garments with weapons of sharp steel that killed Hannibal's fair and last member of its dear kind. After centuries of endless killing, seeing the Indians take shelter in the forest lands from what they called 'pale faces' the beast spared them and slaughtered the pale humans instead making the cannibal killer the spirit of the forest to the Indian's eyes before they were all wiped out by the enemy.

Hannibal won't allow Will to fall dead before its eyes.

It will protect him.

He was lost in the woods with nowhere to go his father drove off away from him disappearing into the ghostly trees that creaked too close to the boy's sight. He wandered into the deep woods with the branches making a terrifying experience of ghastly hands stretching for the young boy then Will started hearing screaming in the trees and soon blood started to ooze out of the tree holes as the screams increased which frightened Will. Then he started running with begs. "Stop it! Please! Stop it! Stop the screaming!" Will shouted with fear covering his ears trying to ignore the screaming shrieks then they finally stopped and the child panting heavily he saw the blood flowing straight making a path for the child. Will walks slowly as the trees spread from the entrance to the other side that was covered in mist fog the child steps out of a clearing he sees a creature with red eyes in the fog as it cleared up and its maw soaked in red as it drips down and sees many humans lying lifeless with blood all over them. Will gasped at the sight and the beast.

"I the beast of the forest have eaten all their lives and you will learn to be like I, the beast who devours human lives. Welcome, Will, for you will soon become like I before you...to feed on human lives", the Wendigo beast growled making a big wide intimidating smile with jagged teeth of blood.

Will gasped sitting up quickly with tears and sticky sweat he groaned in disgust wiping the sweat off his skin and looked at the sleeping pack but no sign of the beast that was in his dream then frowned but the child fell back to sleep.

Ch 3

Will moaned with a whimper and then gasped jolted straight up after hearing something land hard on the ground and then hearing sounds of loud rabid hungry growls that held hunger, rubbing his eyes Will gasped at the sight and nearly threw up seeing the four wolves aggressively ripped out the innards of a dead deer seeing blood wetting their faces while Hannibal feasts on a dead wildebeest holding its paw on the dead skin nearly digging its claws into its flesh.

Will felt sick to the stomach just seeing them, the slimy flesh ripping out of the body, and hearing the meat and the bones. The boy felt eyes of Hannibal gazing at the child, it soon ripped off the flesh of the wildebeest and headed to the ill-looking boy and gently dropped the meat to the child. Will lifted his eyes at the beast hearing it purr.

“You are all skin and bones, little Will. You must eat something, it will regain your energy and strength, child”, Hannibal said gently.

Will looked at the creature and then at the meat, the wolves devouring their food the deer and he fought the urge to vomit he swallowed and certainly felt sick to the stomach.
“I...I...can't...it...it's...can't do it”, Will said sickly. Hannibal stared at the human child and growled then lifted the piece of meat and dropped it on the boy's lap the boy had his eyes locked on the crimson eyes of Hannibal. “Will, you have to eat it. If you are going to live here you have to learn to survive and eat the way I and my pack do child”, Hannibal barked strictly and Will made a disgusted pout. “Hannibal, I can't do it...it's gross”, he complained in an exact tone as if he was eating vegetables, he remembered when his mother tried to get him to his vegetables, and he would react in great refusal and disgust.

Hannibal snarled with a mane half covering one of his crimson eyes and lowered his skeletal wolf head making the child fearfully look into the beast's blazing eyes. “Will”, Hannibal snarled threateningly, “You eat it now”, it commanded.

Will was getting afraid and stared at the fresh slimy flesh and stood up with eyes closed tight in refusal. “No!!!” the boy yelled and he sat on the rock stubbornly wrapping his arms around his chest with pressed tight lips in disgust looking away from the pack, the beast, and the dead animals lying dead and their flesh being ripped open and out ready to become food and to have the predators have empty stomachs while Hannibal coldly stares its piercing red eyes on the child with a curled snarling lip as the Wendigo lowered its head to the child both

locking eyes again. “Will”, the creature snarled then inhaled a snort and pressed its head to the tiny head of the human making a comforting purr as hearing Will whimpering.

Will need something to eat. He hasn't eaten anything since he was brought out in the mountain forest by his father and the hunger is becoming extremely loud and critical. If the child doesn't eat soon he will surely become skin and bones and die for sure, but it was just so gross. He had never eaten flesh before especially having all that red stuff damped in the flesh food, but he knew he needed something to eat and now, it was just so disgusting to eat a piece of flesh.

“Very well, Will, it is your duty to go hungry”, Hannibal growled and ate the wildebeest meat while the wolves ate the deer flesh Will just stared at them eating, chewing and swallowing, filling their stomachs making Will's stomach grumbled louder, and harder of food and the sight of them eating made the young boy jealous that made Will wish he did eat something, but still it was just too gross to do.

Night has risen in the skies, and throughout the whole day Hannibal is still a bit disappointed at Will for refusing to eat the meat he hunted for him even when lunch starts Will still refuses to eat the flesh meat that was saved for him, and Hannibal acted like he wasn't there in its sights and Will submitted to it even though it was devastating to the boy. Will with head down while being perched on the back of Hannibal walks through the forest plains and the wolves looking for lunch in the forest to feed them the beast catches a scent of prey lurking by it, and the boy and the pack. Will lifts his head hearing the growls of Hannibal and the wolves then the beast speaks to the child while gazing at him with a look over the beast's shoulder.

“Will. Maybe this might get you to open your eyes that you are no longer living that life you once knew...but you are living in mine”, Hannibal snarled, and the Wendigo lowered itself helping Will get off of the beast the beast alpha took off having the boy and the wolves followed it. Then to Will's surprise, a human, a camper for most likely who had his truck parked in the distance drinking what appeared to be a beer and sitting by the fire. Will stared at the human seeing that it wasn't who he was expecting to be. Then he sees Hannibal and the wolves starting to make a move, Will tries to keep up but one of the wolves snarls at him and Hannibal speaks with a sinister calm. And hungry. “Stay low, Will. And perhaps you will learn that you must be strong to survive”, Hannibal said and the beast disappeared into the darkness.

Will trekked sneaking closer then gasped at the sight of the attack, the human at first let out a scream trying to fire the beast but the wolves stuck from behind and ripped their jaw teeth into the flesh of the human as he screamed in pain and Hannibal attacked and killed the human by ripping out the head with quick swipe of neck and paws having blood flow in the air and into the grass ground and the screams stopped in an instant.

Will stared at the frightening sight gasping his body trembling with heart hammering for him to struggle to breathe, and his eyes dilated. “Will, come”, Hannibal gently commanded and the boy shakily stepped out with his eyes wide staring at the dead body of the human, and the wolves just sat on the ground watching the child speechlessly staring at the body as he came out of the bushes and he slowly moved his eyes at the wolves and the alpha then saw something lying on the forest ground that what it appeared to be a picture of the human with a female and a baby.

The child's heart shattered, “You...killed...him”, Will squealed with eyes shaking in horror tears with body and heart trembling and pounding.

Hannibal makes an animalistic snarl with blood pouring down his crooked bone teeth as the beast smiles wickedly at the boy. “Why yes, child, it is the rule of guarding your homeland, Will. That is the rule of nature to fight, kill, and survive. You must learn that Will, that this is surely your new home, and this home you now live in is different than the world you once knew. You must eat and kill to survive”, Hannibal replied and lowered to the corpse ripped a piece slab of flesh, and tenderly placed it on the ground for Will to take and devour. Hannibal then lowered to the ground and the wolves remained silent and sat beside their leader having the animal's and the Wendigo's staring at the child patiently waiting for the boy to take his new meal for food.

Will stared at the flesh that looked slimy and repulsing seeing the blood oozing from the meat. Just staring at the piece of meat he felt his stomach trembling with aches of desperate hunger and the boy started staring intensely at the meat not paying attention that he was drooling. The eleven-year-old boy didn't care if it was gross or not. Just has to eat and now, if he doesn't eat soon he will surely become skin and bones and soon he will die.

Will took the meat in his hands, closed his eyes tight, opened his mouth slowly, and entered a tiny piece of slab meat into his mouth and slowly chewed after a few chews of the slimy meat he made a big gulp and groaned feeling his body trembling in disgust then Will opened his eyes slowly.

It tastes just like...chicken.

Will then looks at Hannibal and makes a shy face. “Did the taste satisfy your need for food, Will?” Hannibal asked. Will makes a small hidden nod. “Can I have another piece, please?” Will asked politely with hands desperately up to get more and the Wendigo ripped out another piece and gave it to the boy Will chewed another piece and looked at the corpse and the wolves Hannibal then felt a little lick from the monster and heard Hannibal purred. “Yes, my little one. Take all the flesh you need to refill your strength and the will to survive your new world. In my world”, the beast Wendigo purred slowly and Will slowly walked to the body and ripped out another piece of flesh feeling the blood dripping from his fingers and whole palm making the whole hand soaked in complete red as Will takes another deep bite of the fleshy meat.

He knew what he was doing was something so uncanny unsettling and horrific.

But he didn't care.

He knew what he was doing was wrong and very horrifying to do.

But he didn't care.

He knew he was eating dead human meat.

But he didn't care.

He knew he was devouring a human.

But he didn't care. He was just so hungry for food. And he was finally eating at last.

Will was breathing heavily with tasty happiness of finding eating. He then ripped out another piece only this one was bigger than the first one and he took a big bite of the flesh with moans as he chewed and swallowed his first tasty meal. It was like he was eating chicken. And it was good.

The Wendigo stared at the child and purred gently placing its head on the ground behind the feasting child with eyes of softness. “Now, my Will, you will never go hungry again. For you are like I who feeds on human beings, feasting their lives”, Hannibal cooed with please as the child ignored the creature as he continued to dive into the body ripping out more pieces of meat and the wolves joined in the feast meal.

Will ate the meat with the wolves finally filling his empty stomach to full at last. The meat was indeed bloody but it was clean and fresh for him, he felt the clean human meat gave him energy, and strength, with skin coming back from the starvation and his body muscles restoring to health. The child felt wrong for eating human life, but he had to eat something to survive.

The next morning Hannibal and the wolves gave more animal meat and both of the clean fleshy meat had such a delicious taste with freshness. Will wiped the dried blood from his mouth licking his lips and fingers and tasting the salty blood fluid down his throat while the Wendigo rested on the ground the beast growled tenderly stroking its tongue on the boy giving him the soaking comfort and annoyance of a bath.

“Hannibal, when are you done? I've been sitting here for a long time and I'm bored”, the child complained as he rubbed one of the wolves, then he laughed at the slobbery tongue licking his face making a groan of disgust from the tongue on his face wiping the saliva. “Now, now, my little Will, you ate your supper well last night, and now you smell of blood that can lure a predator nearby”, the beastly Wendigo licked a tender lick on the boy as he embraced the skeletal wolf's nose. “I know you will protect me, Hannibal, you never left me like my parents did, you stayed with me and you are my friend. The best friend I ever had back in that life”, Will kissed the maw and Hannibal licked him deep in the face making Will giggle.

Ch 4

As time flows by, as the sun and moon come and shed away to the next continent, as the cold winter comes blanket cold frozen rain and the warm rich of spring comes to melt away the cold harsh snow, the Wendigo watched before its eyes seeing how its adopted human cub beautifully not only have the blood of the victims of both animals and humans who came to the mountains for their trip enjoyment, Will have grown from that eleven-year-old boy into a man.

Will grew from a helpless child into a man with such a feared feral beast that hungers with him. He was now naked completely covered in filth with healed wounds and healed scars, with only a wolf pelt behind his back with the wolf's head as his shield mask to contain his identity from his human murdered victims and to be like his pack wolves themselves and to be most of all, the creature of the forest who saved him from near death and the other dangers of the forest. Will was only armed with a rock dagger and a stick, with nails sharp like claws, his hair matted and dirty the former human boy became a beast himself of the forest as the Wendigo creature, and together with the wolves they hunted, captured and devoured many humans as the season pass by.

The cannibal monster has never felt such pride.

Hannibal had no idea that a human could make another so tiny at first but they soon grew to become such a fascinating and beautiful soul.

The biker wasn't fortunate enough to escape the feral man, but the speed of the fur-cloaked man, the wolves, and the most horrifying sight that the young biker had ever seen. Too bad he didn't escape to tell the story.

Will's hands were completely drained of the flesh blood as he licked the flesh blood like a dog while sitting in a crouch digging his teeth into his meal with feral moans and growls, like an animal like the wolves themselves who were devouring the dead biker while the beast of many beasts stared at the joyful sight. Will finished eating the last of the meat leaving only a piece of bone Will licked his dried-blooded fingers then threw the bone away, pulled out his rock dagger, cut a big piece of fresh human meat, and ripped a bigger piece as he felt eyes

watching him taking every bite then turned to Hannibal. Will gulped and smiled patiently walked to the Wendigo and set the meat down before the Wendigo.

Hannibal taught the former human boy about how life evolves in the wilderness, and how to hunt, survive, and kill, over the years ever since that young boy took his first bite of the fresh taste of human meat when he was still young. Over the harsh brutal winters, it was Hannibal who kept Will safe and securely warm, it was Hannibal who protected him from many dangers of the forest. It was Hannibal who kept Will alive over the years since the creature took the young boy in and raised him as its own.

Will is grateful, and most importantly, he never knew how tasty humans were, and he can eat...without a knife or fork and a napkin.

“Eat it, Hannibal. Please eat it”, he offered. Hannibal stared its eyes at the human and made a deep purr that made Will's heart and full stomach have butterflies inside. Will pushed the meat closer to Hannibal, “Please, Hannibal, eat it, you have done so for me. At least let me do something for you, instead of you doing things for me”

Hannibal purred again and took one bite of the human biker swallowed it and froze seeing Will resting his head on his bony muzzle seeing Will closing his eyes from the world and sighing softly. Hannibal continued to stare at Will seeing how divinely beautiful he was and how more elegantly divine he had grown over the years. Hannibal makes a deeper and louder purr that gives Will's heart flutter and he kisses the bony hard shell skin face of the Wendigo.

Hannibal then licked its tongue soothingly gently on Will's chest with a purr.

The human biker was now all in hollow bones, and the human, wolves and the Wendigo were all resting in the open plains watching a nearby human town that presented their sights and their stomachs growled for more to hunger and feed on. Will stared at the former world of when he was young at first he felt betrayed by his father and his mother. Of course his mother. He will never know that his mother was killed by his father in strangulation and buried alive far feet from the house in the backyard. He will never know his father was then arrested and questioned for the location of his son but he refused to tell and was sentenced to life in jail.

He hated them all, his traitor parents, his town, his kind, his old life when he was a nobody, but now in the wilderness of the forest, he is free and more alive with...Hannibal is just where he rightfully belongs.

“Will. Do you miss your old home? Do you wish to return?” Hannibal asked tentatively. Hannibal raised Will and cherished having the little human so dearly. The cannibal monster now wants nothing more but to see Will so happy and well cared for...even if it means returning Will to the human world. Will looked at the human civilization that he had forgotten for so long and stared at the red frightening eyes of the cannibal creature and smiled stroking the smooth silk hair mane and moving it away from one of Hannibal's eyes. Their eyes met for the first time in such a long time many times they have faced each other since the day that eleven-year-old boy met the beast.

“Hannibal...I don't have anything to go back to. And if I did I don't want to. This is where I truly belong in here. Living free and more alive, I would breathe in the fresh air of the forest and run with the wolves feeling the cool refreshing breeze of freedom and feeling more alive. Here as long as you are with me, by my side for all time”, he said with a smile and buried his face in Hannibal's neck letting the beast's hair bury his head completely while he stroked his hand on one of Hannibal's antlers.

“Will...”, it purred with a soft growl that was close to having the feral cannibal human to slumber.

Night has risen and the wolves rested themselves underneath a tree and out in the meadow resting in the middle of the plains, Will and Hannibal rested themselves looking at the night skies of the stars and the full moon. Hannibal rested on its side while gazing at the sky while Will rested himself on Hannibal's side with hands on his lap while gazing at the night sky just patiently counting the glowing stars as much as he could go with a smile.

Will then gazed at the skeletal face of Hannibal and rubbed his hand on the hard bone skeleton face and kissed it so tenderly and rested on it just staring at the red eye. “You are so beautiful, Hannibal. You strike fear in many, yet you hold such potential beauty as a god”, Will praised. Hannibal moved his head to face Will fully and licked his face making Will squeak and groan in disgust making a chuckle.

“Will, you have broken all those 500 years of such loneliness that plagued me for so many years. I am such grateful that those humans brought you to me”, Hannibal said then stroked another lick on the human. Will chuckled as he wiped the slob slime of salvia while Hannibal stared at the human with a devotion that those feelings were in Will. Will will never go back to the humans again and if they try to come here and take him away then they will all suffer under him and Hannibal. This is his new home, new world, and life where he belongs and stays with the one who saved him, raised him, and holds dear.

“You are truly content with peace here...with me, Will? Do you truly wish to be with me here forever? Is that what you truly wish?” the Wendigo asked with...hope. Will nodded with a genuine truthful smile placed both hands on Hannibal's chin and kissed the tip of the snout and the cannibal monster purred. “There is no other place to stay forever but here, Hannibal. With you”

Ch 5

Chapter Summary

Sex in this chapter.

Will and Hannibal stared at each other, not one said another word, and the cannibal and human embraced each other the human gazed at the two red slit eyes Hannibal feeling them lighting in his soul. “Hannibal...”, Will whispered and kissed the bone snout and Hannibal made a deeper purr seeing Will blush that showed amid the dirt filth skin. “What is it you wish to tell me, Will?” Hannibal asked hoping it was correct what the human was about to say. “...have you ever...ever...what...they call...love?” He asked. He remembered when he was little he got scared of the monster in his closet and he sneakily headed to his parent's room and caught them naked and in bed touching each other. It made Will curious about what he was seeing.

“No, never. For I am the last of my kind, Will”, it said with a very different and very sad tone, especially coming from Hannibal. Will stroked the fur neck and the black-grey hair mane, “What do you mean, Hannibal?”

“Long ago, my kind were wiped out by the humans back in the times when your kind wore metal steel armor and swords and they wiped out my pack. My family. Father, mother, and I had a sister named...Mischa. Mischa...my sweet little Mischa. She was killed by the king and his army, but she was only still a cub...then I killed the king and his army and I mourned...my dear sister...then I ate...her. I thought if I did...she would be with me...for all time, and over the many centuries and...years...I felt so alone...but now...I have you...Will. I no longer feel that alone anymore”, Hannibal moaned a grateful but pitiful growl as it ducked its chin in Will's lap closing its red eyes.

How the cannibal beast dreadfully misses its dear little sister. Hannibal missed her energy, bothersome, and innocence. She was still a cub when their family pack was all killed by the humans, and it was Hannibal's duty to raise, and protect the only dear member of its family until she was captured, taken, tortured, and killed by the king and his men. The enraged beast killed them all, ripping their innards out and devouring them as they were still alive screaming in horror and pain begging to be spared from its hunger and rage, it made them all pay but failed to save its little Mischa. Ate her believing she would be with it and never have

a fear of it being all alone, but ate her whole it did and its plan didn't work only have the beast acknowledge the fact that it was alone.

So alone and broken it was until the native Indians who all witnessed and saw the beast as their protector guardian, and god of their forest home that it shared with its worshipers but the natives were all wiped out in a single bound, and once again Hannibal was all alone.

It survived the many seasons of weather, other predators, humans, and hunting, but it was still alone until now. The loneliness Hannibal couldn't survive, but now the beast has a second chance to not be alone.

It just hopes it will protect Will for all time.

Will could feel something wet pouring on his leg coming from Hannibal's eyes and he hugged his arms around its snout not wishing to let go. Even monsters can lose their loved ones. Human or beast. The feral human pressed himself to the hard bone head and stroked the fur neck, making kisses with whispers whilst Hannibal purred that resembled a comforted cat. “This is my home now, Hannibal, you are mine and I am yours”, he replied and placed a deeper and longer kiss Hannibal made a slow soothing lick only this one was a different kind of slurp.

“Mates are a sign that shows undying loyalty with devotion, Will. Once they mate, they are one, for all eternity, even in death that cannot separate them. I felt a connection with you since I saw you before me, since when you evolved into who you truly are today, even now. To have you by my side”, Hannibal purred and Will sighed as he nuzzled his face on Hannibal.

The human and the cannibal creature lovingly stared at one another and Will just endlessly stared at the red glowing eyes of the Wendigo then closed his eyes and leaned closer Hannibal watched the human closely and peaked its mouth feeling the tiny lips of the human stroking its hard bony lips and teeth, the human tongue licks on the jagged front teeth as the creature growled and placed its paw on the ground digging deep into the dirt as it extended the tip of its tongue licking the small human's tongue and Hannibal purred. “Will, I'll try to be gentle. I'll try not to lose control” Will nodded trustingly and licked his tongue on the bony muzzle and the Wendigo sat in a crouch and took the human in its arms in an embrace having Will buried in feathered furred neck kissing it and stroking it soothingly.

“I trust you, Hannibal...I wish to be like...you...to be like you....to have you...by my side...for all time”

“Then prepare, my dear mate. For you and I will have that dream become a reality”

It gently lied Will in the long grass and lowered itself to him as close as it could for Will to kiss the Wendigo creature deeper the creature growled as it wrapped its tail around Will's waist as a snake coiling around its prey as the creature drooled on Will as it licked the saliva tasting Will's skin that was dirty but underneath the aftertaste, it was fresh and tasty than any human that Hannibal have ever tasted over the many years. Will exhaled deeply stroking the antlers nearly knocking over the ancient Indian feathers of its worshipers and Hannibal snarled with a shaken bottom jaw. Hannibal then gazed at the spread legs of its human cub that had grown into a beast.

“Do...whatever...you...must...for to truly...be like...you, Hannibal...make me like you”

“As...you...wish”

Hannibal then gently bites Will's neck the bite is small and fragile but it is painful but wonderfully ecstatic for the human as the creature begins its texture on the human. Will gasped and gripped his nails deep into the fur of the Wendigo then spread his legs around the beast and he felt the most hot and hard but most beautiful feeling sucking inside and out of Will as he gasped in pain and delight as he gripped the fur sides of Hannibal hearing the creature snarl and growl rapid with moans.

Hannibal rocked its body in Will as hard as it could with its monstrous cock touching the human's cock while feeling the tight grip of its fur enough for them to be ripped from its skin. Will flexed his arms as much as he could hold the large Wendigo in his arms as he continued feeling the monster's cock entering and touching as he pants heavily and the strokes of the creature were fierce and hard. Will was getting impatient for more and for it to be endless.

There was no need for one to be gentle. They must be hard and powerful and longing.

The human exhaled and spread his legs and began rocking himself to the cock, Hannibal then ripped the wolf pelt from his body and his nude body embrace the cold air he didn't care but now, for that, he was already warm and getting warmer if it was the temperature of illness.

Hannibal snorted heavily as it pressed Will onto the grass as it drooled onto the human's chest and stroked its cock harder into the human Will leaned his head back deep in the grass rocking his hips tighter and deeper into Hannibal and the creature made an exhaling screeching sound that rang in Will's ears.

“Hann...ibal....you are...so....so...tight...and wonderful...go harder...deep...I beg you...never..stop...”

“I...know...I know...so are....you, my...dear...I...will...go deeper...for..you...”

Hannibal licked its long tongue all around Will from top to bottom and gently but rammed its tongue into the human cock and Will gasped he tightly gripped then soon yanked the fur mane right off Hannibal as it hissed then rammed its tongue even deep into his cock and Will sat up and hugged the skeletal face as it kissed it.

Then Will collapsed onto the grass and Will rocked deep into the cock with drool protruding from his mouth the creature leaned forward and bit into the human flesh even tighter and Will screamed with seduction ecstatic.

He could feel the blood draining slowly away from him as the creature bit hard into the flesh. “Ohhh, Will, so...beautiful...and so...deliciously...tasty...now...you are mine...”, Hannibal wheezed weakly.

Will exhaled deeply of exhaustion of sweat and the mating sweat then pulled out his dagger and gently pressed the sharp point deep into the fur skin hearing Hannibal hiss he rammed his lips onto the wound drinking and drinking the red enchanting blood feeling it entering his mouth oozing within his body as Hannibal and he continues to tense their bodies, every push, every pull, every rock of their bodies, they felt one than ever until they couldn't take any more but the sex was such like a fairy tale to the human.

Will drunken the last drop of the fresh blood of Hannibal and with lips shadowed in red dripping down his mouth panting heavily then licked his blood-shed mouth tasting the remaining drops of the salty crimson. The blood was the most delectable mouthwatering thing Will had ever tasted besides eating human meat. Hannibal snarled then reached its head forward the night sky of the heavens and made the loudest screech and the wolves all together howled that echoed across the forest and the whole mountain plains having every animal big and small cower in their homes hearing the signal of their ruler had found a mate. Hannibal gazes at its exhausted mate and if it had the will, it would make a content smile. Will looks at his love and makes his smile and the beast shows his bloody teeth, he creature leans forward as Will opens his blood-soaked mouth showing his tongue and Hannibal opens its lips showing its bloody tongue, and the human and Wendigo make a doting long intimacy embracing kiss. Will licking the bloody tongue he moaned whilst stroking the skull's face, the silk black furs through his fingers as he felt the beast's tongue touching and entering its way in his mouth as he held the skeletal face with louder moans that merged with louder cooing growls of his Wendigo mate. Ending their embracing kiss Will lay his head back with a long exhausting but very happy sigh as he gazed at the night heavens and Hannibal gently laying on its stomach beside him with eyes glued on to each other.

“Ohh, my Wendigo one, you were just wonderful”, Will said with panting wheezes, and Hannibal purred weakly but deeply in contentment and coiled its tail around its mate.

“So...were...you, my dear human one”, Hannibal purred.

Will was truly his and his alone.

Hannibal was his and his alone.

They are now an eternity together.

The human and Wendigo are now one.

Regaining their strengths they slept in silence holding each other close.

Ch 6: Epilogue 1

The healed scarred bite from his mate on his shoulder was changing him. He was barely human now. His skin was growing to thick fur of dark brown, his teeth grew into sharp fangs, he grew sharp nails into claws, the front of his hair started to shed longer and the color was changing, and he then grew a tail. Will killed a deer and wore a mask with horns as his mask that like his mate made him feel like a king. Hannibal grew closer to his dear mate with love and protection as the wolves stayed by the new member of their clan pack.

As the seasons rolled by, the human was changing, as he started groaning and growling in pain feeling his muscle limbs moving and shifting to different positions and growing. He developed a strong scent of smell, his legs and feet were slowly becoming the legs and hooves of a stallion and took off his mask as he felt the horns that were curled that resembled the horns of a goat that were blossoming out of his head, his ribs became visibly shown that resembled an armor with spine visible as well like Hannibal's and his eyes became slit yellow eyes. Then he started walking on fours and his human hands transformed into the paws of a big cat as white-gray specks grew around his shoulders and back then the human face forever disappeared into the skull of a deer, hair that matched the mane of the horse with the color of black and his hunger for humans matched his mate as he devoured many humans as his mate who deeply marveled his new form.

“Oh, Will...you are so beautiful”, Hannibal said of proudness and devotion.

“You gave me your beauty, Hannibal, now I am as beautiful as you”, the new form of Will purred and they nuzzled each other as a sign that they were now forever one and their hunger was vast and continuously growing and neverending. Over the years Will became a formidable predator as his mate and wolf pack. Many hunters, hikers, bikers, campers, police investigators, and animals even the mighty bears themselves all have fallen to their hunger and wrath for their flesh to devour for more and more.

In the dead of night, they saw something that held them and their wolves' enjoyment. A human truck and coming out of the truck is a human male and a human female after the male opened the passenger door for his human mate the female took out what appears to be camping items, but before the Wendigos knew it the human male killed the female with just the gun that spits out a rock with fire and the sound of thunder and the female human fell lifeless on the ground and took out what it appears to be baby car seat with sounds of squeaky

cries and sets it on the forest ground and aimed at the baby ready to pull the trigger but the male looked as if he was resisting then they all attacked, struck, and killed.

Theirs and the wolves' maws all were soaked in blood and they ate the dead human female and the human male as they heard the infant human who kept crying from her infant car seat. Hannibal drooling mixed of drool and blood stalked to the raving sobbing infant ready to eat the little morsel.

“Ohh, don't worry, human. I will have you join your human family”, Hannibal snarled making a frightening sneer from its bone face and slowly opening its mouth ready to devour the little infant.

But the new Wendigo with his new horns nudged the Wendigo away from the infant. “Wait, Hannibal! It may be human, but it is weak and vulnerable. It must live”, Will said blocking his mate from harming the baby.

“Will, don't let the past of what you used to be get in the way of your instincts. It is human”, Hannibal argued with an angered snort.

Will makes his snort and then hears the baby not only ending its vexatious cries that soon turned to coos and the Wendigo turned seeing the wolves sitting around the infant not harming it just staring at it curiously, Will slowly leaned his deep head and felt tiny hands of the baby on the deer skull skin and the child giggled that was such pure music to Will's newly ears.

He had forgotten when he was a human, but he wondered if he was like this when he was still a human baby.

Hannibal then walked to its mate's side and the wolves and gazed at the child and saw how innocent it was. Seeing it all full of life as Will when he was brought to the forest when he was still human. Hannibal then saw how the tiny infant reached her arms out to it and its mate.

The human infant was like Will was. Lost, alone, and without anything to take care of the helpless infant the little one will surely die, like Will could have nearly died on his own before his true place was brought to him by the Wendigo beast. Hannibal looked at Will who lay near the wolves to get a good look at the child and Wendigo lay beside its mate then a weak cough came from the female human that was still alive from the slowly fatal bullet wound on the chest, missing parts of her body, state of pain and shock and loss of blood.

“Her...na...me...is....Ab..gail..please..take care....of my...ba...by”, the woman fell completely dead.

Hannibal and Will stared at the dead human who was shot by her human mate who trusted the two spirits of cannibalism to take care of her only child. “Humans can be such traitors to each other yet can be loyal to those they hold dear to them”, Hannibal mourned, and the beast and its mate went back to marvel at the human child.

The moon was full and the human infant known as Abigail was sleeping peacefully still in her human carrier seat and the Wendigos and wolves stared at the adorable sight of their newest member.

“Oh, Hannibal, she is as beautiful as you”, purred Will nuzzling his dear skull face close to the wolf skull face.

“How anomalous, Will. I'm afraid she is as beautiful as you were when you were human and who you are now”, Hannibal purred back.

“She will grow to be like us. A beast who feeds on blood, to survive, thrive, and grow to be a strong new spirit of the forest to feed on human flesh”, Hannibal prophesied and Will licked its muzzle and heard Abigail yawn and fall back to sleep.

“Yes, Abigail, you will grow to be like us...for you have found your new true home and your new family, and never fear our little one, we will protect you”, Will added, and Hannibal nodded with a deep content purr and the two wendigos nuzzled each other while staring at their newest cub.

Ch 7: Epilogue 2

Clarice Starling must find the beast and kill it and its new accomplice. Over the years even when she was a little girl many innocent lives went into the deep lands of the mountains and never been seen again the detective learned that during the 1500s the cannibal monster inspired the Indians to become skinwalkers, and cannibals themselves, and now in this century it had inspired few of the town to become cannibals themselves, especially...serial killers who feed on blood and human meat.

She is determined to stop this beast and many of its kind. And this man who saw it escaped and lived.

She entered the room with the butler seeing a bed that was cloaked in darkness with a still being lying in the blankets.

“Sir...she's here”, the butler said politely.

“Aah, how lovely. Do come in, my dear and you do leave us”, the maker of the voice replied and the butler left the room leaving only his boss and the detective in the room in peace.

“Do come closer, my dear. I won't bite”, he said creepily and Clarice walked to the bed.

“Here. Maybe the light will help me and you see one another...show me before you”, the being said then pressed the button, and the light on, and the detective fought a horrified gasp and a flinch seeing the grotesque sight of Mason Verger.

His entire face was covered in deep grafts scars, and he was blind in his right eye on one sore and nearly gone, his spine completely broken leaving him paralyzed and also from the neck, and his hair half missing and dying in the color of white.

“What an extraordinary magnificent beast it was that have saved the many more innocent boys and girls and myself from...myself. It held such potential beauty as if it was the devil

himself that stood before me after I lured a child into my grip to prey on as if I were an animal myself. How unfortunate that the child managed to escape from its mercy", Mason Verger said in a heavenly tone of gratitude but held a hidden vengeance within.

"I am here to ask you questions, Mr. Verger", Clarice seriously said.

The child molester nodded, "Do go on. I can still see the red eyes of the beast of beasts gazing back at me, and feel the bone teeth of its skull that showed the skull of the wolf itself diving into my flesh and ripping me apart to my freedom and salvation of myself. Such a fascinating moment and a sight to behold and to remember until death takes me. I felt like I was seeing the horse of the spirit of death nearly taking me away to the gates of Hell for the sins of my past"

Clarice Starling ignores his bone-chilling words already describing the events of his crimes and the beast that attacked him as her chills that rang down her spine turn on the tape recorder. "Let's begin, shall we?" She asked calmly.

"Ohh, let's, let's, but be warned, my dear. This might haunt your dreams...as it does with mine", Mason jovially chuckled and began his story of what he remembered and how it happened.

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